

For Luck

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Summary: She said it was for luck, and he realized that she had, in her own way, expressed her feelings as best she knew how. [Gift fic for Dantaron] [Oneshot]

***Chapter 1*: For Luck**

This fic's for my good friend Dantaron. Merry Christmas, mate. I hope you enjoy this. I know how you insist that there should be more Duskshipping fics.

Also, I'd like to thank Sora for her help in beta-reading this.

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As Felix pounded down the steps to his basement room in Prox, his thoughts were racing. *I'm ready! I'm going!* Saturos had seen fit to allow Felix to come with him and Menardi to Vale to retrieve the Elemental Stars. Felix threw open the door to his room and dashed to the small chest of drawers where his clothing was kept. *Gotta get packing. We leave the day after tomorrow.* He crammed several sets of clothing into a back pack, and then set the half-filled bag on his bed. What else needed to come? His gaze fell to the bookshelf in one corner of the room. Felix crossed over to it. He scanned the titles of the few books that he owned. They were all very familiar, as he had read them many times during his stay in Prox, but one book kept his attention this day. Felix reached for it. He had owned a copy of this book back in Vale, and it always reminded him of home. Felix pulled the book down and wandered back to his bed to sit down, his eyes focused on the cover and then the first page of the book as he flipped it open.

Felix was a good twenty pages into the story when a voice shouted in his ear, "Proxian sneak attack!" Felix threw his hands, and the book, into the air in his surprise. "Karst!" he yelled, turning to face her.

"What, did I scare you?" Karst taunted. "Some warrior you are if you can't detect someone sneaking up on you." She sat down next to him. "What are you doing? Reading again?" Felix reached for the book, but Karst was quicker. "This one again? You must have read it a hundred times."

Felix snatched the book back. "It happens to be a copy of a book that I used to own back in Vale." He turned to his backpack and shoved in the book, then turned back to Karst. "Now what do you want?"

Karst drew her legs up under her. She flicked a pink bang out of her face as she said, "I heard you're going with Menardi back to Vale."

"Yeah," said Felix. "She and Saturos finally think I'm ready."

"Ready?" Karst snorted. "I still whip your ass regularly in fights. What makes them think you can handle something like this?"

"You've been fighting longer than me-"

"You'd lose to a common field Vermin! How come you get to go?"

"You're jealous," Felix said, raising an eyebrow.

Karst reached over and tugged on his ponytail - rather hard. Felix winced. "Jealous? Me? No, it's just that being the kind soul that I am," she smirked, "I'm worried about the fact that you're going to get killed within minutes of leaving."

"You worry about me dying?" Felix asked. "That's odd, considering you have to be ordered to stop from beating me to death whenever we fight."

"I would never actually kill you," Karst said with a dismissive wave of her hand. "I just like giving you a challenge. Saturos babies you."

"Babies me?" Felix scoffed. "He's always making things hard for me." Hadn't Karst heard him complaining all those times he'd get back from practicing in the middle of blizzards that had the rest of Prox holed up inside?

"He babies you," Karst said. "Don't forget, he's trained others. When I was in training under him, we worked much harder. Saturos thinks you're weak."

Felix stood up and crossed his arms. "Thanks for the vote of confidence, Karst. Did you come down here just to make fun of me? If that's the case, you've done enough." He seethed. Saturos did not think him weak. He'd had enough of Karst trying to needle him about how weak he was.

Karst grabbed his arm and pulled him back down. "I'm just saying that you should tell Saturos that you've changed your mind about going with him."

Felix stared at Karst. "Are you... actually worried about me?" That was about as likely as Agatio saying something intelligent, but for some reason Felix couldn't help but feel that Karst was actually showing some genuine emotion.

"What? Worried about *you*?" Karst said. "Well, no, I mean," she flicked some hair out of her face, "how would it make Prox look if you got yourself killed?"

"Right. And you came all the way down here to tell me that?" Felix asked.

"I- Uh-" Karst sputtered for a moment before saying, "Well, I'm almost positive you're going to get yourself killed, so I

figured I'd better see you one last time."

Karst being disconcerted was disconcerting to Felix, but he knew an insult when he heard it. "Well, gee, thanks. Maybe I'll think about missing you." Karst said nothing. Felix wasn't about to say anything either, not when she was being so difficult, even worse than usual. They sat in silence for a few minutes. Finally, Felix was fed up. If Karst wasn't going to say anything, then there was no use in just sitting around. He had a trip to get ready for.

"Well, this has been a nice chat," Felix said, standing up. "Let's do it again sometime. Oh, wait, I'll be dead."

"Felix-"

"I have to talk to Saturos and ask him what else I need to bring," Felix said. "I'll see you at the sending off."

"You're so touchy, Felix," Karst snorted. "Can't I be worried about a friend?"

Friend? Felix stared at her. In three years, she'd never called him her friend. Oh, sure, he'd realized it early on that Karst must consider him one, but she had never actually come out and say it.

He was further dumbstruck when Karst leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. "For good luck," she said before getting up and dashing out of his room. He heard her feet pounding up the basement steps as he sat there thinking. Karst had just kissed him?

Felix felt himself begin to blush, and his lips curled into a goofy smile. For good luck, huh? The girl was an enigma. Felix was glad, however, for the luck. As soon as the journey was over, he would come back here and get to work on

figuring her out. It might take a while, sure, but Felix wasn't daunted, even if it would take a lifetime. With a little luck, he might just do it.